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CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER

13TH
SPECIAL
TRISKAIDEKAPHOBIC
ISSUE

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tropica73

scanz



foreword
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The Ferryman
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Dead Things Rot
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**Devil's Brigade Part Twelve:
Endsolving: The Final Solution**

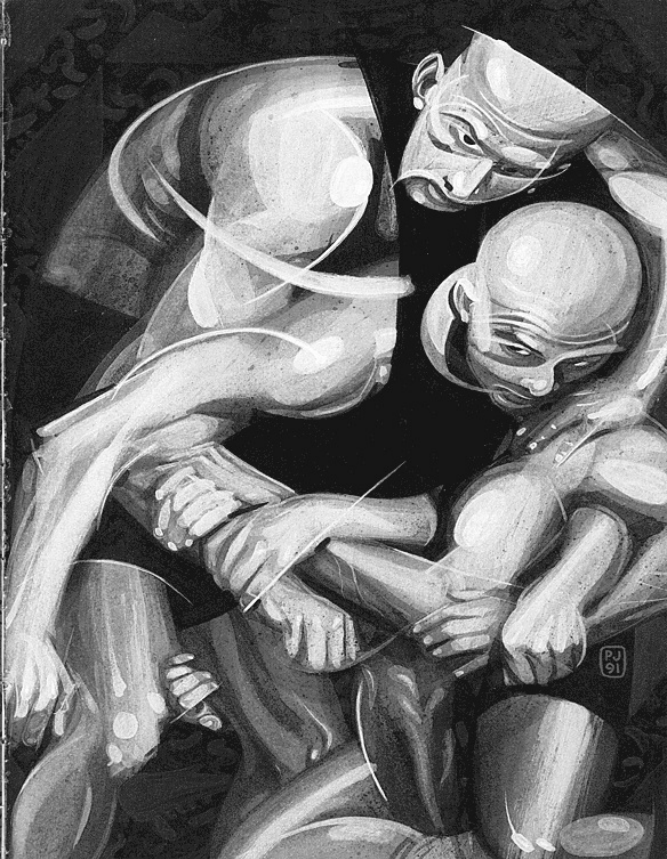
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FOREWORD

Not all that long ago, I threw myself out a ten story window.

Calm your celebration, joyous detractors of this magazine and my so-called writing ability — I survived. Truth be told, the window never actually existed — it was a motivational factor only, existing in what passed for my mind to explain away what I was doing lying face down on a 5th Avenue sidewalk with a sticky-sweet pool of karo-syrup fake blood spreading around my head to simulate the radical aftereffect of my skull colliding with the concrete along that fashionable stretch of streetside. All of which was a direct consequence of allowing myself to become entwined in the cinematic schemings of one Christopher Perry Borden, an NYU film student with a vision of angst ridden stock-brokers plummeting to self-inflicted splatterings. I counted myself lucky — most film projects at that temple of 24 frames-a-second-pretension involved half-naked bodies writhing about in piles of malformed jello while the grinding of power tools graced the soundtrack. Faced with that alternative, suicide was the easy way out.

My part consisted of keeping limbs contorted and breathing to a minimum while "C.B." hid many stories above, filming away. Such were my method acting skills in looking like I'd just bought the big one that I soon realized the casual passerby had begun to buy into my demise. Funny looks grew into keeping a distance. Couples murmured, mothers pulled curious children away from my bloodied form. "Don't get involved," became the mumbled litany among that cross section of humanity. When it was over, I got my chuckles at the way everybody'd acted; I cracked a big smile.

And the smile faded.

There it was, a bright and sunny Tuesday afternoon, and not one person among the many could keep from giving way to his/her primordial cores, allowing a complete fear to overcome him/her. I kissed that street for ten minutes that dark day, plenty of time for someone to overcome initial shock and come to my aid; instead, they went, driven by some form of trembling animal terror that suddenly had awakened inside them. That skittering beast, so often categorized and eliched as a thing of the midnight hour, had ceased to be a strictly nocturnal creature.

We nudge it out of its slumber in these pages, too, of course. Topical terrors abound in Dean Shreck and Derek Yaniger's "The Ferryman," as a conspiring Klansman turned politician seeks an infernal salvation to protect his white hooded past from exposure; Mike Mignola (whose work is also over in a recent *X-Force*) provides idea and illustration to a parable of decomposition, "Dead Things Rot," words courtesy this very keyboard; and Larry Wachowski and Russ Heath bring another chapter of The Devil's Brigade to a fiendish finale in a South African clash of humanity and hell, "Endolsung."

Revel with us in the night, here, gentle reader — it remains forever honest about the monstrous face it wears.

You're on your own during the daylight hours.

Daniel Chichester
consulting editor



AT THE GEORGIA ESTATE
OF SENATORIAL CANDIDATE
SAMUEL JAMES BOYD...

...HIS AIDES ARE ATTEMPTING TO
QUELL HIS RISING ANXIETY OVER
RUMORS OF A CONSTRUCTING
F.B.I. INVESTIGATION.

--THE FEDS
ARE ON TO SOME-
THING! I'VE GOT TO
FIND OUT WHAT--
BUT THAT KIND OF
INFO TAKES
MONEY!

I'M MORTGAGED
TO KINGDOM COME AND
MY DEFENSE FUND'S DRIER
THAN THE GODDAMN
SAHARA--

SAM--RELAX!

OH, GREAT! I'M
HANG'N BY MY
POLITICAL
THUMBS AND
ALL MY HOT
SHOT LAWYER
CAN SAY IS--
RELAX!

BUT
SAM, I'M
TELLING YOU, WE'RE
CLEAN--

BRING

YEAH?

YEAH--
I-I'LL
TELL
HIM.

THE FEDS...
THEY'RE ON
THEIR WAY.

DAMN!
I KNEW IT!
BRING THE
CAR AROUND--
PRONTO!

WE'RE GONNA
PAY A VISIT TO AN
OLD ALLEY--
MR. JOHN
MATTFIELD.

THE FERRYMAN

WHY
MATTFIELD,
BOSS?

I CAN'T
FIGHT THE FEDS
WITHOUT SOME
REAL DUCKS BEHIND
ME-- REAL SOON!
MATTFIELD CAN
POINT US TO A TON
OF IT-- FREE AND
CLEAR!

I DON'T
LIKE THIS!

JOHN, WE
HAVE TO TALK!
THE FEDS ARE
BREATH'N DOWN
MY NECK--

JOHN, THEY'RE
GONNA TAKE ME DOWN.

I THINK
YOU'RE OVER-
REACTING. YOU'RE
NOT THE FIRST
POLITICIAN TO BE
INVESTIGATED BY
THE F.B.I.--

I'VE GOT BIG-TIME
SKELETONS IN MY CLOSET
AND IT'S GONNA TAKE
LOTS OF DOUGH TO
CLEAN HOUSE-- THAT'S
WHERE YOU COME
IN!

COME IN, SAM--
I'VE... BEEN
EXPECTING THIS.

Dean Schreck
writer
Derek Yaniger
artist
John Costanza
letterer

TELL ME
AGAIN WHAT YOU
KNOW ABOUT
HARMON TAYLOR...

"... I ALREADY KNOW HE WAS
A POLITICIAN... AND A HIGH
KLANSMAN. JUST LIKE I WAS;
SO YOU CAN SKIP ALL THAT
CRAP."

"... JUST TELL ME ABOUT HIS
TREASURE -- ONE FOLKS SAY
IS HIDDEN SOMEWHERE
AROUND HERE."

TAYLOR WAS A
DISTANT RELATION...
AN' I ONLY KNOW THAT
THE TREASURE STUFF
IS JUST AN OLD WIVES'
TALE!

YOU'RE PANICKING, YOU KNOW
AS WELL AS I THE POWER OF
FEAR. WE USED IT AS A WEAPON
FOR WHITE MAN'S AMERICA. DON'T.

DAMNIT, JOHN
THOSE DAYS'RE
GONE. MISSIONS
THE SAME, BUT
THE WEAPONS
DIFFERENT NOW
IT'S POWER.

OKAY... IF YOU INSIST,
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I
KNOW... BUT I'M WARN-
ING YOU, IT'S NOT THE
FAIRY TALE YOU
WANT TO HEAR...

LISTEN --
THE FEDS HAVE
NOTHING!

THIS
CRISIS
WILL
PASS.

I'M
ALL
EARS!

"THE LEGEND REVOLVES AROUND TAYLOR'S SHIP-- AN OLD RIVERBOAT CONVERTED FOR USE AS A FERRY, EARLY IN THE CENTURY."

"WHAT'S LEFT OF HER IS LYING BEACHED AMONG THE REEDS IN A LOCAL COVE; SHE'S NOTHING BUT A RAT-INFESTED HULK NOW."

"MOST FOLKS AVOID HER LIKE THE PLAGUE--EVEN KIDS WON'T PLAY THERE."

"TAYLOR BOUGHT HER OUT OF DRY DOCK, BACK IN THE THIRTIES; ORIGINALLY SHE WAS CALLED THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH. HE OVERHAULED HER AND RENAMED HER, DIXIE SHADOW--"

"--A NAME BETTER SUITED TO ITS INTENDED PURPOSE--"

"--AS A FLOATING HOUSE OF HORRORS."

"HORRORS FED BY TAYLOR'S INFAMOUS MIDNIGHT RAIDS ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE..."

"...TO CAPTURE BLACKS FOR HIS ENTERTAINMENT ABOARD SHIP."

"HE HAD ONLY TWO CRITERIA:

"THAT THE BLOOD BE RED..."

"AND THE SKIN--"

"--BE BLACK."



"BEFORE LONG, THE DIXIE
SHADOW WOULD HEAD
FOR DEEP WATER."

"DURING THE TRIP, ANY
CAPTURED WOMEN WERE
ROUTINELY Raped
BEATEN AND THROWN--"



"--OVERBOARD."



"EVENTUALLY, THEY
WOULD DROP ANCHOR
AND BEGIN WHAT
TAYLOR CALLED,
"THE GAMES."



"GAMES HELD IN A MOCK-
COLISEUM ON THE MAIN DECK:
AN ARENA OF HOPELESS CAR-
NAGE FOR THE BLACKS FORCED
TO FIGHT AND DIE THERE."



"BUT TAYLOR ALWAYS
SAVED THE BEST
FOR LAST--HIS
CHAMPION..."



"HE WAS THE
FERRYMAN!"

"TAYLOR'S FAVORITE GLADIATOR."



"A SELF-FLAGELLANT DISCIPLE
OF PAIN WHO COULD CRUSH A
MAN'S SKULL WITH HIS BARE
HANDS."



"TAYLOR DELIGHTED
MOST IN TURNING CAP-
TIVES LOOSE ON A
DESERTED ISLAND TO
HUNT THEM DOWN LIKE
FAIR GAME!"

"IT WAS ON SUCH AN
OUTING THAT
HE DISCOVERED
THE BOX..."

"THE NEXT DAY..."

"... THEY FOUND THE SHIP ABANDONED-- TAYLOR AND ALL ABOARD HAD VANISHED!

"ALL, EXCEPT FOR ONE TOTALLY DERANGED BLACK CHILD..."

DEMONS--
I SAW THEM!

THEY TOOK
EVERYONE
AWAY.

"SHE'S BEEN IN
A SANITARIUM
EVER SINCE."

... THEY SAY SHE
WAS THE LAST
TO HANDLE THE
BOX.

SINCE THEN, WE'VE
HAD NUMEROUS DISAPPEAR-
ANCES, AND SIGHTINGS OF
THAT SHIP ON THE WATER--
LOOKING LIKE NEW! SOME
SAY ITS HELLISH HORN
SOUNDS EACH TIME IT
CLAIMS ANOTHER
VICTIM.

AH, BULL!
ALL I KNOW IS
THAT BOX IS THE
KEY TO A FORTUNE,
AND THAT GIRL
KNOWS WHERE
IT IS!

THE ONLY DEMONS ON
THAT SHIP WERE SOME
NIGGERS WHO STRUCK
BACK-- CAUGHT OL'
TAYLOR BY SURPRISE
AND FED HIM TO
THE FISHES!

THAT AIN'T
HAPPENING
TO ME!

WAIT!
--YOU WANT IT FOR
YOURSELF!

YOU GODDAMN--

NO,
SAY!

... YOU SEE, I'VE SEEN
THAT SHIP ON THE WATER
MYSELF-- I'VE FELT ITS
EVIL!

BULLSHIT! THEY GOT
TO YOU DIDN'T THEY?
YOU'RE TURNED!

THAT GIRL--
MUST BE OLD AS
SHIN BY NOW--
WHERE IS SHE?

I CAN'T...
YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE--

OH, I
KNOW, ALL
RIGHT...

... KNOW WHEN I'M BEING HELD-
OUT ON, GODDAMN RACE
TRAITOR, NEED INCENTIVE
TO HELP YOUR OWN?

CONVINCE
HIM, BOYS.



ALL
RIGHT! HAVE
IT YOUR WAY.
DAMN YOU...

"HERE'S THE ADDRESS.
DON'T COME BACK."



... BOYD EMPLOYS HIS INFLUENCE TO GAIN A
PRIVATE CONVERSATION WITH THE OLD WOMAN.



MAMA! PAPA!
WHERE ARE YOU? THE
DEMONS TOOK TAYLOR.
IT'S A LOVELY DAY, ISN'T
IT, GENTLEMEN?

MY BOYS'VE
GOT SECURITY
COVERED.

NOW DAMMIT,
GUT THE
GIBBERISH!

LAST
CHANCE, YA
OLD HAG--THE
BOX, WHERE
IS IT?



TAYLOR -- IS
WHERE WE
BELONGS. THE
DARK BOX
IMPRISONS HIS
EVIL. I MUST
PROTECT IT --



SHUT UP! YOU
CRAZY OLD BITCH--
WHAT'D YOU DO WITH
THE BOX? --

AHHHHH!



I MUST
KEEP IT
S-S-SAFE--

--TELL
ME NOW!



LOOK,
WOMAN, I
TALK
OR DIE!



--HIDDEN--
THE SHIP--
IN THE SHIP--



RING

OHNNNNH!



WHAT?

THE FEDS!
STALL 'EM
WHEN THEY
GET TO YOUR
PLACE,
MATTFIELD--
I DON'T
CARE
HOW--

"--JUST DO IT--
LIKE YOUR LIFE
DEPENDS ON IT!"



LYING
OLD CRONE--
SHOULD'VE
KILLED HER!

LET'S TRY
THE NEXT
ROOM!



E-E-E-E-E-E

BOSS?

IT'S
JUST
THE
WIND--
KEEP
MOVIN'



MOVING THROUGH
THE SHIP, BOYD
AND HIS AIDES
GROW INCREAS-
INGLY WARY, SHAR-
ING A DIRE SENSE
OF BEING ROL-
LOWED... WATCHED...

I'M GETTING OUT!
MATTFIELD WAS
RIGHT. THERE'S
SOMETHING HERE.
SOMETHING S-S-
SICK -- EVIL...



I QUIT
DAMN! I'VE
HAD ENOUGH
--I'M
LEAVING!

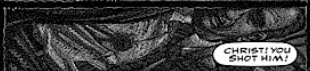


YEAH,
FEET
FIRST--
TRAITOR!

BANG
BANG



CHRIST! YOU
SHOT HIM!



DO IT AGAIN TO ANY
DAMN TRAITORS.

THAT WEASEL
WOULD'VE SUNG
TO THE FEDS FOR
SURE. WE'LL
TAKE CARE OF THE
BODY LATER...

BUT FIRST,
WE GOTTA FIND
THAT BOX-- AND
FAST!



FAR BELOW THE MAIN
DECK, THE SMELL OF
AGE AND DECAY IS
OVERPOWERING...

A STENCH OF
DEATH LEADING TO...

IS THAT--
THERE?
RIGHT OUT
IN THE OPEN?



E-E-E-E

THAT SOUND,
AGAIN-- IT
AIN'T WIND,
BOSS!

AH-
H-H-H-
E-E-E

KLIK



OPEN...

THAT'S
IT!

LET'S
GET OUT
OF HERE!

GENTLEMEN--
WELCOME
ABOARD!

ALLOW ME TO
INTRODUCE MYSELF.
I AM THE FERRYMAN,
AND THESE ARE
MY MATES!





STEP INTO THE
ARENA AND MEET OUR
GUEST--MR. HARMON
TAYLOR!



"TAYLOR'S LEGEND HAS BEEN
KIND TO US! IT'S BROUGHT US
SO MANY LOST IN THE CHAOS
OF GREED-- SO MANY IN NEED
OF RESTRUCTURING."



"BUT THE ONLY
FORTUNE TO
BE FOUND
HERE--IS IN
HUMAN FLESH..."



"...AHH! BUT THAT PART OF THE
LEGEND IS A LIE--SPANNED OF
HUMAN FRAILTY IN THE FORM
OF NAKED GREED AND UNDIS-
CIPLINED DESIRES."

"BUT PERHAPS WE
DID HELP THE MYTH
ALONG, A BIT..."



"WITH HELP FROM
THE PUZZLE'S
GUARDIAN."



--Y-YOU!?

THE DEMONS
TOOK TAYLOR...
I CAME BACK.



COME--
JOIN IN THE
GAMES!

THE
SHIP--IT'S
MOVING



RENEWED WITH THE
PROMISE OF FRESH
BLOOD, THE DIXIE
SHADOW, ONCE
AGAIN-- PUT FOR
DEEP WATER.

BACK AT MATTFIELD'S HOUSE...

EVENING, MR. MATTFIELD.

F.B.I.

LISTEN -- I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS AND I DON'T CARE TO KNOW...

...I HAVEN'T DEALT WITH SAM BOYD IN YEARS, AND...

RELAX, SIR-- WE'RE NOT HERE TO ARREST ANYONE.

THE PROBE'S ENDED-- BOYD IS OFF THE HOOK--

--BUT WHEN THE NEWS BROKE, WE WERE FLOPPED WITH DEATH-THREATS AGAINST THE SENATOR...

...WE'RE HERE TO PROTECT HIM.

W-A-A-E-E

YOU OKAY, MR. MATTFIELD?

OH GOD, NO... THAT SOUND...

I DON'T GET IT...

THE TORTURED WAIL OF AN OLD-TIME FERRY HORN ROLLS OVER A SMALL BOAT, CAUGHT DEAD IN THE RIVER...

...ENGINES JUST DEAD. SHOULD HAVE THE PROBLEM WORKED OUT...

...THE HELL?!

W-A-A-E-E

NO, I DIDN'T... I DIDN'T SEE IT...

DAD-- WHERE THE HELL'D THAT OLD TUG COME FROM? DID YOU CATCH THE NAME?

I DIDN'T SEE IT. NO... WISH I HADN'T...!

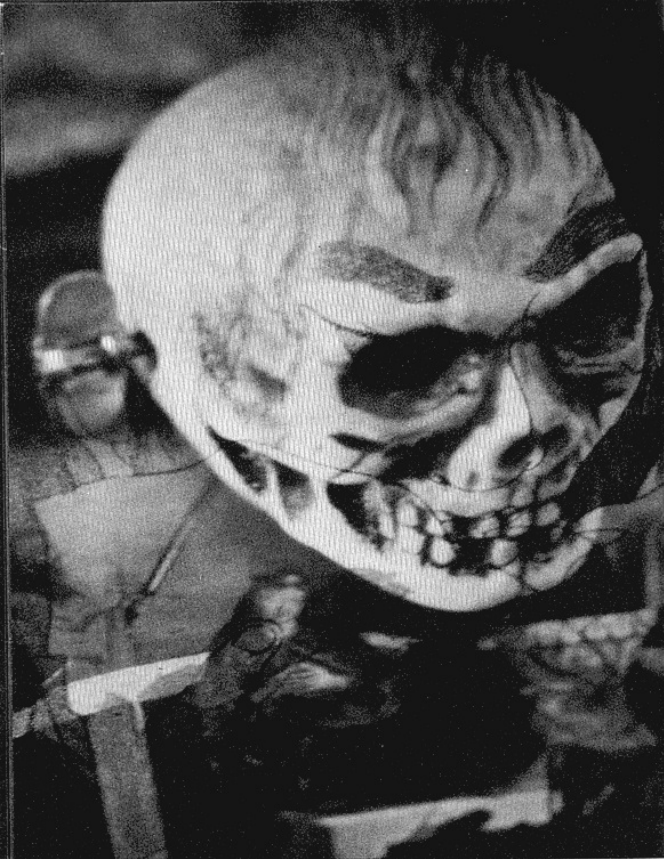
THE DIXIE SHADOW HELD FIRM ITS CHOSEN COURSE -- NAVIGATING WITH AN UNEARTHLY PRECISE SIGN FOR THE DEEP, DEEP WATERS --

--OF HELL.

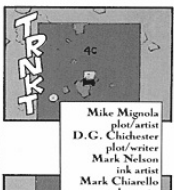


THE END

D E R E K '91 mil



DEAD THINGS ROT

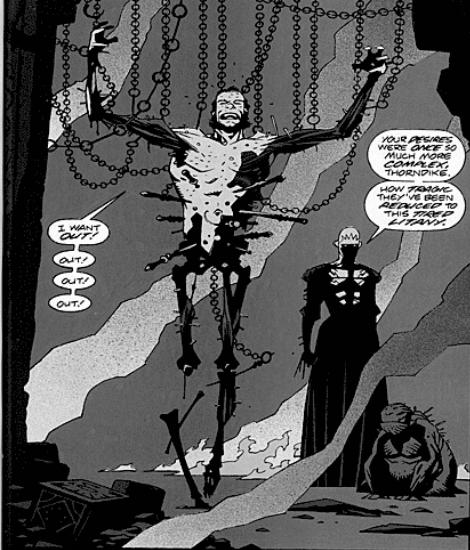


Mike Mignola
plot/artist
D.G. Chichester
plot/writer
Mark Nelson
ink artist
Mark Chiarello
color artist
Jade Moede
letterer









I WANT
OUT!

OUT!

OUT!

OUT!

YOUR FEIGES
WERE ONCE SO
MUCH MORE
COMPLEX,
THORNDIKE.

HOW THORNDIKE
THEY'VE BEEN
REDUCED TO
THIS TIERED
LITANY.

YOU RIGHTeous
BASTARD, WINKY DINK!

I WANTED NOTHING
I WASN'T DUE

I LED MANY
BY THE HAND
TO YOUR GOD,
LEVIATHAN..

--AND THIS
IS MY
REWARD!?!

PLEASE, I...I'VE
DONE WELL BY YOUR
ORDER IN THE PAST..
GIVE ME THE OPPOR-
TUNITY TO DO SO
AGAIN..

A FINAL, TRULY HORRIBLE
SOUL TO ADD TO YOUR
COLLECTION--AND ALL
I ASK IN RETURN IS
MY LIFE BACK..!

WELL, OF
COURSE.

IT WASN'T
FAIR--I WAS
LIED TO,
CLOWN!

WE CERTAINLY
COULDN'T EXPECT
TO CLAIM YOU FOR
OUR OWN IF WE'D
TOLD YOU THE
TRUTH.

CAN WE NOT--
CONSIDER,
MASTER?

IS THERE
NO ROOM--
FOR
MERCY?



COMPASSION,
AGATHION?



HOW
DELIGHT-
FULLY...

...PATHETIC.



YOU INSTALLED
A SENSE OF SYM-
PATHY IN MY PET,
THORNPIKE... FORCED
ME TO END ITS
EXCUSE OF A
LIFE...

I DIDN'T--
IT WASN'T
ME, IT WASN'T
MY FAULT!
I--

OH, PUN-LEASE,
ENOUGH OF YOUR
WHINING THERE'S
ONLY SO MUCH TORM-
TMENT EVEN A GEN-
OBITE CAN TAKE.



YOUR ROLE IN AGATHION'S DESTRUCTION
HAS IMPRESSED THE SADIST IN ME--NOT
THAT THERE'S MUCH ELSE, AMINO YOU.

W-WHAT
IS IT YOU'RE
TRYING
TO--



WE HAVE A
SHARSHIN/
THORNPIKE.



CHOOSE
YOUR SOUL
CAREFULLY...

OUT!
OUT!
OUT!

YES,
LIVING!
I'M
OUT!



MR. DELMING?

STILL PUTTING UP WITH THAT LOCK? I CAN FIX THAT-- S'WHAT THEY PAY ME FOR, Y'KNOW?



Y' MUST BE SICK A' THE SOUND A' MY VOICE ON IT AT THIS POINT-- WHADDYA SAY? LEMME AT IT!

THANKS, BUT YOU JUST HAVE TO KNOW HOW TO WORK-- I'VE GOT IT.

BEING SICK OF "HANDY" ANDY FERNEL'S VOICE ISN'T AN ISSUE.

GARDNER DELMING DOESN'T EVEN HEAR IT!

NOT WHEN THERE'S ANOTHER VOICE ALREADY FILLING HIS HEAD.



GARDNER'S OWN EVIL GAVE HIM A DIRECTION IN LIFE.

YOU GET ANOTHER CHANCE TONIGHT.



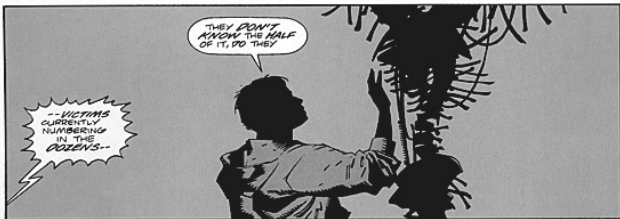
KLYX

DON'T DISAPPOINT.

BUT THE VOICE-- THAT RUMBLING, LEADER VOICE, ROLLING UP AND ROLLING DOWN-- GAVE HIM A MISSION.

--MANNHATT CENTERING ON THE INFAMOUS "PARTS IS PARTS KILLER".









PLEASE, YOU'VE
BEEN SO GOOD
TO ME...

...TELL ME
HOW MANY
MORE... JUST
TELL ME WHAT'S
STILL MISSING...

KLINK

KLANK



THANK
YOU.



MR. PELMING?
I WAS AROUND
AND THOUGHT I'D
TRY AGAIN ON
THAT LOCK.

I MEAN,
C'MON, S...
WHAT
THEY--



OH
SWEET
JESUS...

I
KNOW.



IT'S WHAT
THEY SAY YOU
FOR.

YOU WORK
TOO HARD,
ANDY...



...YOU
DESERVE
A BREAK.



OKAY,
EVERY-
BODY?

♪ ALL ♪
TOGETHER
NOW...ALL
TOGETHER
♪ NOW! ♪



I'M SORRY,
I'LL BE
SERIOUS.



YOU
DON'T
SAY?

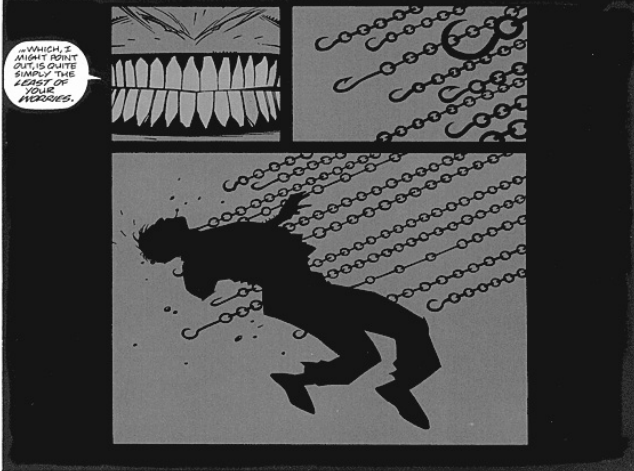


THAT'S QUITE
A MOUTHFUL...



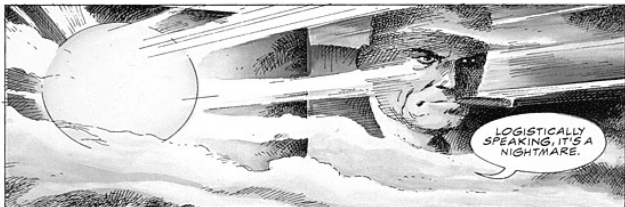
SO TO
SPEAK.











LOGISTICALLY
SPEAKING, IT'S A
NIGHTMARE.



Larry Wachowski
writer
Russ Heath
artist
Christie Scheele
color artist
Jim Novak
letterer

I MEAN, WE'RE
TALKING ABOUT A
MILLION-FIVE UNITS TO
BE PROCESSED IN LESS
THAN THREE WEEKS.

BUT, AS FAR AS
LOGISTICAL NIGHTMARES
GO, BELIEVE ME, I'VE
HAD WORSE.

ENDOLSÜNG: THE FINAL SOLUTION

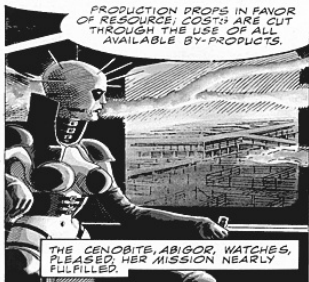
DEVILS BRIGADE PART 12



OH, THIS HERE, PRETTY STRAIGHT FORWARD, HIGHLY PRODUCTIVE, OBVIOUSLY, BUT A COMPLETE WASTE OF RESOURCE.

AH, HERE WE GO. REALLY ONE OF THE MOST EFFICIENT PLANTS THE GERMANS DESIGNED, BASED ON THE CHICAGO STOCKYARDS.

PRODUCTION DROPS IN FAVOR OF RESOURCE; COSTS ARE CUT THROUGH THE USE OF ALL AVAILABLE BY-PRODUCTS.



THE CENOBIITE, ABIGOR, WATCHES, PLEASED, HER MISSION NEARLY FULFILLED.

NOW, OBVIOUSLY THE TIME REQUIRED TO BUILD SUCH A FACILITY MAKES IT AN IMPRACTICALITY.

HOWEVER, SEVERAL ELEMENTS OF THE SYSTEM REMAIN TO THIS DAY, THE MOST PRACTICAL AND THE MOST EFFICIENT.



WHICH BRINGS US TO THE CORNERSTONE OF THIS PROPOSAL, THE MOST ESSENTIAL PIECE OF THE GERMAN PUZZLE:



...TRAINS.

THE TRAINS ARE STILL RUNNING DAY
AND NIGHT. ZOATO IS ALMOST EMPTY.
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND AFRICANS



I IMAGINE THAT DECISION MIGHT BECOME A LITTLE MORE PERMANENT THAN I'D LIKE IT TO BE.





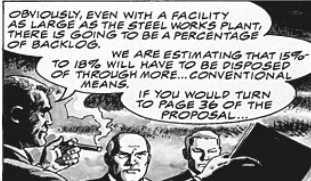
OKAY,
LIGHTS!



ONCE SHE REMOVED THE OBSTACLES
OF CONSCIENCE, THESE MEN WERE EAGER
FOR THE ANSWER THAT REMAINED.



SO, WITH THOSE FEW,
SIMPLE MODIFICATIONS TO
THE TRAIN CARS; THE LAYER
OF FOAM INSULATION, THE
LAYER OF SILICON AND A
LENGTH OF NEOPRENE
HOSE ALLOWING US TO
VENT THE GAS DIRECTLY
INTO THE CARS; THE TRANS-
PORT ITSELF BECOMES A
STREAMLINED VERSION OF
THE PROCESSING PLANT,
DELIVERING THE CARGO
ALL READY FOR THE
FINAL STAGE.



OBVIOUSLY, EVEN WITH A FACILITY
AS LARGE AS THE STEEL WORKS PLANT,
THERE IS GOING TO BE A PERCENTAGE
OF BACKLOG.

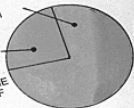
WE ARE ESTIMATING THAT 15%
TO 18% WILL HAVE TO BE DISPOSED
OF THROUGH MORE... CONVENTIONAL
MEANS.

IF YOU WOULD TURN
TO PAGE 36 OF THE
PROPOSAL...

PERCENTAGE BREAKDOWNS
THE DISPOSAL PROCESS.

76% — INCINERATION
SEE ESTIMATED
RETURNS FROM
RESOURCE.

24% OTHER
INCLUDES
BACKLOG
AND AREAS
BEYOND THE
ACCESS OF
THE RAIL
— 5M.



ESTIMATED RETURN / IN
FROM RESOURCE

PERCENTAGE
OF TOTAL COST

12% GOLD
23% ENRICHED
FERTILIZER
OTHER



WE BELIEVE IF WE
MOVE THREE-QUAR-
TERS OF THE TOTAL,
ROUGHLY 1.1,
THROUGH THE FINAL
STAGE, WE CAN CUT
COSTS ALMOST 40%,
MOST OF THAT
COMING THROUGH
FERTILIZER
MARKETS.



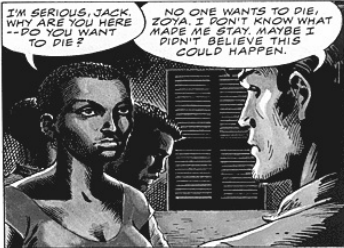
I'D LIKE TO ADD, THAT IN
MY HEART, I BELIEVE THAT
40% IS A VERY CONSER-
VATIVE ESTIMATE.

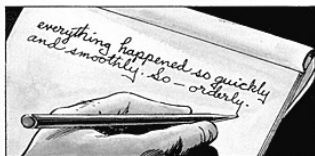
I DON'T THINK THERE IS
A FARMER IN VOLKSLAND
THAT COULD PASS ON THIS
STUFF AT THE PRICES WE'RE
OFFERING.



OKAY, TO CONCLUDE; THE PACK-
AGE DOES REQUIRE SOME CHERRY-
TIGHT, EXCUSE MY FRENCH, SCHED-
ULING BUT-- BUT, IN THE END,
WHAT WE ARE TALKING ABOUT
HERE, GENTLEMEN, IS VERY,
VERY DO-ABLE.

HER PUPPET, MINISTER SCHOEMAN, HAD
DONE WELL. SHE HAD COME FOR HIM,
AND SO WAS VISIBLE TO HIM ALONE...

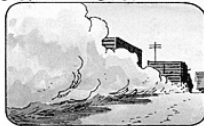




THEY USED THE MURDER OF NILES HOLLANDER TO ROUND UP AS MANY YOUNG MALES, MOST OF THEM "COMRADES," AS THEY COULD.



IN THE MIDST OF THE PANIC, PARLIAMENT SUDDENLY ANNOUNCED THAT IT WAS READY TO ORGANIZE THE FIRST "FREE ELECTIONS." "ONE MAN, ONE VOTE," THEY PROMISED.



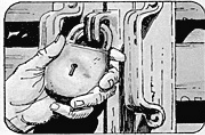
THEY ASKED CHARULA AND OTHER IMPORTANT AFRICAN LEADERS TO ATTEND THE COMMITTEE MEETINGS. THE REPORTS AT FIRST WERE ENCOURAGING AND EVERYONE WAS EXCITED.



BUT THE REPORTS CAME LESS AND LESS FREQUENTLY. UNTIL THEY STOPPED COMING ALTOGETHER.



IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THE FIRST MEETINGS WITH CHARULA, PECOURCY ANNOUNCED PLANS FOR THE REDEVELOPMENT OF THE AFRICAN TOWNSHIPS. TEAR DOWN THE PAST TO BUILD FOR THE FUTURE.



THE TRAINS WERE TRANSPORTATION TO THE "TEMPORARY HOUSING."

TRAIN AFTER TRAIN AFTER TRAIN WAS PACKED FULL. AND ONE BY ONE THEY WOULD RETURN.

EMPTY.

EVERYWHERE YOU LOOKED THERE WERE SOLDIERS, MACHINE-GUNS, TANKS. AND PEOPLE TELLING YOU, "DO AS YOU ARE TOLD AND EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT."

WHAT I DO KNOW IS THAT DAY AFTER DAY, I SAT HIDDEN WITH MY CAMERA, TAKING PICTURE AFTER PICTURE.



DID THEY BELIEVE THAT?

I DON'T KNOW.



I WATCHED PEOPLE MOVE DOWN RAMPS LIKE CATTLE.

I WATCHED AS WOMEN HELPED THEIR CHILDREN CLIMB UP INTO THE TRAIN CARS.

I WATCHED. I JUST WATCHED.



WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO? WHAT COULD I DO?

ONCE FROM WHERE I WAS HIDING I OVERHEARD TWO OF THE TRAIN CONDUCTORS TALKING.



THE FIRST ONE SAID TO THE OTHER: "THESE 15 HOUR SHIFTS ARE BREAKING MY BALLS."



AND THE SECOND SAID: "I JUST KEEP THINKING ABOUT THAT CHECK--ALL THIS OVERTIME. THAT'S ALL I THINK ABOUT."



THAT NIGHT I BEGAN HAVING THE DREAM; I'M A TRAIN CONDUCTOR AND SOMEHOW MY CAMERA IS THE THROTTLE.



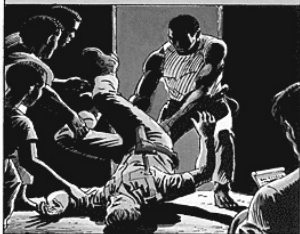
THE CAMERA IS STUCK ON AUTOMATIC ... BUT I DON'T TRY TO FIX IT.



THIS WILL BE MY FINAL ENTRY IN THIS JOURNAL.



I AM GIVING THIS AS WELL AS THE ROLLS OF FILM TO ZOYA.



WE ARE GOING TO TRY TO GET HER THROUGH THE BLOCKADE THEY'VE SET UP AROUND THE TOWNSHIP.



ZOYA IS PREGNANT WITH HOLLANDER'S CHILD.



THAT SEEMS VERY IMPORTANT TO ME. MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANYTHING ELSE.

I DO NOT KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ME.



I DO NOT
THINK IT
MATTERS.
JACK KURTIS.
8/13/92

COME ON, JACK.
WE DON'T HAVE
MUCH TIME.



DOMINATION.

WHEN IT IS ABSOLUTE, IT IS PERFECTION. YOU HAVE BEGUN TO SEE THAT PURE DOMINATION TRANSCENDS MORALITY.

THERE IS NO RIGHT OR WRONG. ONLY MY WHIP AND YOUR FLESH.



YOU HAVE BEEN A PERFECT SLAVE AND I HAVE ENJOYED YOU. BUT NOW MY WORK IS DONE HERE.

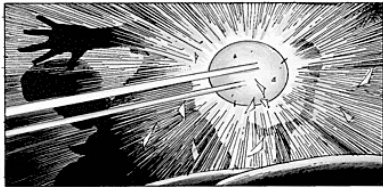
DECOURCY HAS BROUGHT ORDER TO HIS COUNTRY. THE FIRST PIECE OF THE PUZZLE IS SOLVED.

IT IS TIME FOR ME TO LEAVE.

THERE IS BUT ONE LAST THING FOR YOU TO DO NOW, SLAVE-- STEP OFF THE CHAIR.

...YES, MISTRESS.











HERE I AM MR. KURTIS. TELL ME WHERE THE OTHERS ARE HEADED AND YOU WILL BE ON THE NEXT PLANE TO AMERICA.



IT'S LIKE THIS MISTER PRIME MINISTER; I'M STILL TRYING TO UNDERSTAND. SEE, WAGNER OVER THERE, HE'S JUST A DUMB, FUCKING BIGOT. THAT'S EASY.



BUT GUYS LIKE HIM, THEY COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT. NEVER.



I JUST KEEP ASKING MYSELF--HOW--HOW DOES SOMEONE NOT CONSUMED WITH HATE, DO WHAT YOU DID?



IT'S QUITE SIMPLE REALLY. IN THE END IT WAS THE ONLY WAY. OUR ENDORSING! THE FINAL SOLUTION TO A DIFFICULT QUESTION.



CONSIDER THAT IT HAS NOT BEEN 50 YEARS SINCE THE MOST ORGANIZED, INDUSTRIALIZED GENOCIDE IN HISTORY.

PEOPLE WANT TO FORGET, TO MOVE ON.

ONLY 50 YEARS AND THE REUNIFICATION OF GERMANY HAS BECOME A SYMBOL TODAY OF HOPE OR PEACE.

A PRICE OF 50 YEARS? SO THAT MY CHILDREN AND THEIR CHILDREN WILL HAVE THE HOME OF MY FATHER, THE AFRIKANER HAS BATTLED FOR TWO CENTURIES FOR THIS HOME-- 50 YEARS?!



I CAN SEE YOU HAVE NOTHING FURTHER TO SAY.

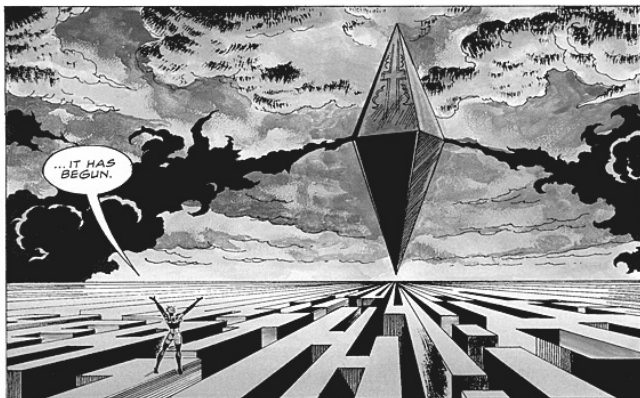
I HOPE YOU GOT WHAT YOU STAYED IN VOLKS-LAND FOR.

GOODBYE, MR. KURTIS.



A MOMENT LATER...

KA-BLAM!



THE END





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Handy phrases from Clive Barker's travel
guide to the nether-regions!

Diabolic Decomposition ("Excuse me, is
that your body rotting out from under you,
or are you just glad to see me?")

Fiendish Fascism ("Can you please direct
me to the nearest South African puppet
dictatorship where the Cenobites pull the
strings?")

Political Pandemonium ("I'd like two
tickets to see the elected official in the
KKK hood sliming his way out of eternal
damnation.")

Enjoy your trip, and don't forget to dress for
warm weather.

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